(No. XXVI.)

THE PASTIME.

SCHENECTADY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

Swiss Patriotism.

There is no people whose fate I contemplate with greater enthusiasm and regret, than that of the Swiss nation. Encircled by mountains which seem erected, as natural barriers against the vices and the encroachments of her neighbours; possessing a soil, which is cultivated with fatigue, and traversed with danger, she seems formed by nature to be the nursery of manly virtue. Her soldiers, admired by every power in Europe for their personal valor, and an unalterable fidelity to their trusts have been seen to encircle in the midst of his own subjects, the person of a monarch Nor were they less remarked for their patriotism, than their fidelity—Driven abroad by professional necessity, they chaunted in many a plaintive air, the memories of their homes; they never lost in their fidelity to a foreign power, the zeal of domestic enthusiasm; nor in the flattering preference of their employers, the regrets of an honourable exile.

In a Swiss my imagination has ever painted to me a man, virtuous, patriotic, unalterable to his trust; bold, hardy and enthusiastic. His country—the ruins of a stately fabric, reared on the virtues of its citizens, and demolished by the ambition and intrigue of a perfidious neighbour.

I have somewhere met with a little anecdote, which illustrates most strikingly the fidelity and enthusiasm which I have been speaking of. On the imprisonment of Louis the sixteenth, and his unfortunate family, such of the Swiss guards as had not been previously massacred in the defence of their sovereign, had either escaped from Paris, or were dispersed and concealed through its environs. During the painful captivity of the Bourbons it was their undeviating practice (until prohibited bythe barbarity of their persecutors) to devote the hour of midnight to their God. On one of these interesting occasions, being assembled as usual, they were startled at the unexpected sound of an instument under the window of their prison, and whilst they listened in breathless silence, a voice from below, as if fearful of breaking their repose, sang the plaintive air of "*Oh Richard, Oh my King!*"—It was a survivor of the Swiss guards, who had stolen in the silence of midnight to weep the sufferings of his king. The pious enthusiasm of the unseen minstrel was irresistible—The Queen melted into tears;

and Louis, turning to her with emotion, exclaimed, "Thanks be to heaven we have yet *one* loyal subject!"—The orison of the faithful Swiss left behind it a soothing sadness, and the noble sufferers, blended with their homage to their God, a tribute to the virtues of a country, which their subjects have since desolated and enslaved.

EPISTOLARY.

Major Andre's Letters to Miss Seward.

LETTER II.

London, *October* 19, 1769.

From the midst of books, papers, bills and other implements of gain, let me lift up my drowsy head awhile to converse with dear Julia. And first, as I know she has a fervent wish to see me a quill driver, I must tell her, that I begin, as most people are wont to do, to look upon my future profession with great partiality. I no longer see it in so disadvantageous light. Instead of figuring a merchant, as a middle aged man, with a bob wig, a rough beard, in snuff colored clothes, grasping a guinea in his red hand; I conceive a comely young man, with a tolerable pig-tail, wielding a pen with all the noble fierceness of the duke of Marlborough, brandishing a truncheon upon a sign post, surrounded with types and emblems, and canopied with cornucopiæ that disembogue their stores upon his head; Mercuries reclined upon bales of goods; Genii playing with pens, ink and paper; while in perspective, his gorgeous vessels "Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames," are wafting to distant lands the produce of this commercial nation. Thus all the mercantile glories croud on my fancy, emblazoned in the most refulgent coloring of an ardent imagination—Borne on her soaring pinions I wing my flight to the time when Heaven shall have crowned my labors with success and opulence. I see sumptuous palaces rising to receive me. I see orphans and widows, and painters, fiddlers and poets, and builders protected and encouraged; and when the fabrick is pretty near finished by my shattered pericranium, I cast my eyes around, and find John Andre, by a small coal fire, in a gloomy compting house in Warnford court, nothing so little as what he has been making himself, and in all probability never to be much more then he is at present. But oh! my dear Honora! it is for thy sake only I wish for wealth. You say she was somewhat better at the time you wrote last. I must flatter myself that she will soon be without any remains of this threatening disease.

It is seven o'clock; you and Honora, with two or three more select friends, are now probably encircling your dressing room fire place. What would I not give to enlarge that circle! The idea of a clean hearth, and a snug circle round it, form'd by a few

sincere friends, transports me. You seem combin'd together against the inclemency of the weather, the hurry, bustle, ceremony, censoriousness, and envy of the world. The purity, the warmth, the kindling influence of fire, to all for whom it is kindled, is a good emblem of the friendship of such amiable minds as JULIA's and her HONORA's; since I cannot be there in reality, pray imagine me with you; admit me to your conversations; think how I wish for the blessing of joining them! and be persuaded that I take part in all your pleasures, in the dear pleasures, in the dear hope, that e'er it be very long, your blazing hearth will burn again for me. Pray keep me a place; let the poker, tongs, or shovel represent me; but you have Dutch tiles, which are infinitely better; so let Moses, or Aaron, or Balaam's ass be my representative.

But time calls me to Clapton. I quit you abruptly till tomorrow: When, if I do not tear the nonsense I have been writing, I may perhaps increase its quantity. Signora Cynthia is in clouded majesty. Silvered with her beams I am about to jog to Clapton upon my own stumps; musing as I homeward plod my way. Ah! need I name the subject of my contemplation!

THURSDAY.

I had a sweet walk home last night, and found the Claptonians, with their fair guest, a Miss Mourgue, very well. My sisters send their amities and will write in a few days.

This morning I returned to town. It has been the finest day imaginable. A solemn mildness was diffused throughout the blue horizon; its light was clear and distinct rather than dazzling; the serene beams of the autumnal sun! Gilded hills, variegated woods, glittering spires, ruminating herds, bounding flocks, all combined to enchant the eyes, expand the heart, and "chase all sorrow but despair." In the midst of such a scene, no lesser grief can prevent our sympathy with nature——A calmness, a benevolent disposition seizes us with sweet insinuating power. The very brute creation seem sensible of these beauties; there is a species of mild cheerfulness in the face of a lamb, which I have but indifferently expressed in a corner of my paper, and a demure contented look in an ox, which in the fear of expressing still worse, I leave unattempted.

Business calls me away, I must dispatch my letter. Yet what does it contain? No matter, you like any thing better than news. Indeed you never told me so, but I have an intuitive knowledge upon the subject, from the sympathy which I have constantly perceived in the taste of JULIA and *Cher Jean*. What is it to you or me,

> If here in the city we have nothing but riot,
> If the Spitalfield weavers can't be kept quiet.
> If the weather is fine, or the streets should be dirty,
> Or if Mr. Dick Wilson died aged of thirty?

But if I was to hearken to the versifying grumbling I feel within me I should fill my paper, and not have room left to intreat that you would plead my cause to HONORA more eloquently than the inclosed letter has the power of doing. Apropos of verses, you desire me to recollect my random description of the engaging appearance of the charming Mrs. ——. Here it is at your service——

Then rustling and bustling the lady comes down,
With a flaming red face, and a broad yellow gown,
And a hobbling out-of-breath gait, and a frown.

This little French cousin of ours, Delarisee, was my sister Mary's playfellow at Paris. His sprightliness engages my sisters extremely. Doubtless they talk much of him to you in their letters.

How sorry I am to bid you adieu! Oh let me not be forgot by the friends most dear to you at Litchfield! *Litchfield!* Ah! of what magic letters is that little word composed! How graceful it looks when it is written! Let nobody talk to me of its origin l meaning. "The field of blood!" Oh! no such thing! It is the field of joy! "The beautiful city, that lifts up her fair head in the valley, and says, I am, and there is none beside me!" Who says she is vain? JULIA will not say so—nor yet HONORA, and least of all their devoted

JOHN ANDRE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Since writing the MEMOIR, added to the *first American edition* of LYTTLETON'S LETTERS, just issuedfrom our press, we have found in the first volume of the Port Folio (which we had not in possession till now) the following *Memoirs* of this young Nobleman. Different, however, from the sketch we had drawn, these relate *only* to his *political* and *oratorical* character, which is estimated rather higher than we ventured to rate it, excepting that he is represented to have been unstable as the wind. This last trait will be better understood, and we think in a great degree reconciled with consistency in politics, by a perusal of his letters on this subject. To these memoirs we add an obituary notice (as containing one or two particulars not related in our sketch of his life) which we find republished in the last Port Folio.—*Troy Gazette.*

MEMOIRS OF LORD LYTTLETON, THE YOUNGER.

Aged ears played truant at his tales,
So sweet and voluble was his discourse.

It is an embarrassing task to delineate the political character of this young nobleman, who, during his brief continuance on the public stage, might be said, in the phrase of Shakespeare, to have changed shapes with Proteus for advantages. Groping our way, without any light to guide us, we cannot better express our judgment, than by having recourse to a line of the well known

Richard Savage, of illegitimate and poetical memory, in a poem, celebrating the advantages arising from being born *without a father*;

"He shines eccentric, like a comet's blaze."

If this conveys too vague and indefinite an idea of his political principles, we presume it may be further illustrated by the following short detail of his conduct in Parliament. In the same session, and on the great American question, he voted with the court, and against it. When lord Chatham attacked the Quebec bill, he warmly defended it; and, when the same nobleman moved the recall of the British troops from Boston, in 1775, he was seconded by Lyttleton.

As a public speaker, the talents of his lordship have been justly appreciated. His oratory was of the declamatory kind, but, at the same time, so enriched with general and particular knowledge, by an acquaintance with the greatest Athenian and Roman orators, strengthened by sound observation, quickness of parts, and a subtle penetrating genius, as to have removed it far above the level of political harangues.

The tenor of several of his *early* speeches, with the energy and animation which accompanied them, were better calculated, than any we have heard, to call forth the spirit, and rouse the indignation of his country. His language was flowing, well chosen, correct; his observations pointed and directed with judgment; his delivery generally graceful and animated; never cold, flat, or uncouth. He could reason well, and in detail; but logic was not his *forte*. Nature, habit, and inclination invited him to assail his auditors through the medium of their passions; consequently he affected the bold, the inflammatory, and pathetic, rather than the argumentative style. In debate, he was ever judicious, seldom deviating, and never losing sight of the question, and, when he did, he always returned in time to the main road, and pushed forward with redoubled force and augmented vigor. In short, there was in many of his speeches a fervor of expression, a strength of coloring, a grace, and a passionate delicacy, not to be found in those of any other, in either house of parliament.

On the other hand, his lordship was too eager for renown, and grasped too greedily at perfection. He over studied the graces of attitude and elocution; hence he would sometimes neglect matter, for form, and for sound. In conformity to the advice of the great master of his profession, action was his first, second and third part of eloquence. He would have been a more dignified orator, had he, in his manner and voice, displayed less of Quintillian and Garrick, and more of Camden and Germaine. His voice, from physical causes, was, at best, middling and weak, and he injured it by a pedantic and theatrical affectation of

introducing into it a variety, which nature had denied. Like all mere orators, he never wanted facts to support arguments, nor, by consequence, arguments from which he might draw deductions favorable to his cause. On the whole, this nobleman, tho' juvenile, dissipated, and in ill health, was the most able speaker on the part of administration, lord Mansfield excepted.

In an obituary for 1779, written by Edmund Burke, is the following brief notice of the titles, family connexions, and death of this nobleman.

Died in November, 1779, the right honorable Thomas Lord Lyttleton, baron of Frankley; a privy counsellor; chief justice in Eyre of his majesty's forests north of Trent; and high steward of Bewdley in Worcestershire. His lordship was born January 30, 1744, and succeeded his father, George Lord Lyttleton, August 22, 1773. He took his seat in parliament the succeeding session, and *has been distinguished as a very eloquent speaker.* He married June 24, 1772, Apphia, daughter of Broome Witts, esq. of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, and widow of Joseph Peach, esq. late governor of Calcutta, in the East-Indies, but dying without issue, the title is extinct.

VARIETY.

Mr. T. Sheridan was saying, that if he got into parliament, he would not stand upon principles as his father had, to the ruin of his fortunes; but would stick a bill on his forehead, with this inscription—"*To be let.*" "That's very well of you," said Mr. Sheridan, "but you may as well be explicit at once, Tom, and say, To be let *unfurnished.*"

When the present ministry of Great-Britain first entered into office, on the death of Mr. Pitt, it was observed by lord Castlereagh, that they reposed on *a Bed of Roses*, which gave rise to a great deal of wit and repartee in the public prints. The following little effort was inserted by the author in the Morning Post, in answer to an equivoque on the subject—equally applicable under all governments.

MORE BEDS OF ROSES.

To the statesman in power how sacred the trust is
Whose administration is guided by justice!
How arduous his toil, and how rare it accords
With the minds of the people, king, commons and lords,
Too seldom alas! the true patriot reposes,
And sure, when he does so, 'tis not upon roses!

Leave, leave your illusion, my lord, I beseech ye!
How could such an idle chimera e'er reach ye!
The ministers true to their country and king,
Will assert one and all that 'tis no such a thing,
That your rhetoric alone your fair *flower* adorns,
While the patriot, that slumbers, must rest upon *thorns*.

JULIA FRANCISCA.

Original Poetry.

Pageants, says Bacon, are pretty things; but we should rather study to make them elegant than expensive. Processions, cavalcades, and all that fund of gay frippery, furnished out by taylors, barbers and tire-women, mechanically influence the mind into veneration: An emperor in his nightcap would not meet with half the respect of an emperor with a crown. Politics resemble religion—attempting to divest either of ceremony is the most certain method of bringing either into contempt. The weak must have their inducements to admiration as well as the wise; and it is the business of a sensible government to impress all ranks with a sense of subordination, whether this be effected by a diamond buckle, or a virtuous edict, a sumptuary law, or a glass necklace.

THE PILGRIM.

Drop by drop the Angel pours,
Comfort every moment yours;
Guards the night and cheers the day,
Gently leading life away.

Every object, every thought,
Sweetly seen, or kindly taught,
Dropping in the simple heart,
Unseen happiness impart.

Tho' the gloomy shades of night
Hide the hills, obscure the light,
Cheerful hope, with kindly ray,
Drops of comfort still convey.

Safely flowing down the tide,
E'en o'er oceans bosom wide,
Storms and tempests cease to fear,
Drops of peace shall meet you there.

Then cease to flutter, foolish FEAR,
Sorrow, darkness, dwell not here,
But light and comfort, drop by drop,
Raise the hopeful spirits up.

Then banish discontent's sad pain,
Piety ne'er hoped in vain;
Drop by drop the Angel pours,
Peace with virtue must be yours.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

ODE.

Lady, does it grieve thee, tell me,
That thou once wert kind?—I'll swear
Those smiles were meant but to repel me,
And *scorn*, not *love*, was seated there.

I'll say, those lips have never blest me;
Never breath'd one mutual sigh;
And, when that touch at parting prest me,
Swear 'twas meant to bid me fly.

Yes! if thy gentle heart will let thee,
Oh forget thou e'er wert kind!
I will strive, too, to forget thee,
And in madness, *seem* resign'd.

And, oh! relenting at my anguish,
Should'st thou chide the fruitless sigh,
Should'st thou bid me cease to languish,
Lady, I'll obey—and die!

Then farewel the harp for ever!
Once thou taught'ts its string to glow;
Soon the quiv'ring string must sever,
Touch'd by the icy hand of woe!

Original Poetry.

Yet, never shall these lips upbraid thee
With one sad, one murm'ring breath,
Till heaven, more kind than thou art, Lady,
Shall bid them sigh the sigh of death!

LODINUS.

For the Pastime.

Lines written on leaving a delightful seminary in the country.

The dreaded hour is come,
When we, my friend, must part,
And take th' idea home
Which rends the bleeding heart.
Behold the day
Serene and fair,
Soft zephyr's play
In balmy air.
Aurora smiles; but, on her car,
More terrible than frowning war,
With all its dismal train,
Comes on the destiny of parting friends,
And social joy, and social pleasure ends
Felicity, how vain!

The clattering wheels are heard,
The waggons front the door,
The places most endear'd
Must know us now no more.
Lone rooms—adieu!
And thou, the dome
Which late we knew,
Our dearest home!
The waggons move, and on we go,
Pensive in tears and silent woe,
With many a heaving sigh.
Thoughtful we gaze upon the fav'rite scene,
Which strikes the heart with all that we have been,
'Till grief bedims the eye.

'Tis thus the joys of sense
Elude our fond embrace,
And leave, at dear expense,
A phantom in their place.
The bubble joy,
Divinely fair,
Delusive toy,
Dissolves in air,
But leaves a soft regret behind,
Which overspreads the feeling mind
With luxury of grief—
The painful memory of past delight,
For ever gone from our pursuing sight,
Is dead to all relief.

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